

1898 Visions --- Crowley's astral travels of 1898.

Some of these were published in the EQUINOX (Vol. I, No. 2, pp. 302 to 317) This is the raw, unexpanded form of No.'s 1 through 15. Crowley elaborated six of these in the Equinox publication. There are three more not here. Entered by  
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## Astral Tours - Oct. 1898

1898-9

By

Aleister Crowley

### NOTES OF TRAVEL

#### No. 1

Gothic throne.

Figure on or in front of [the throne].

Mist covers all.

Seen with material eyes. Said to be Kether of Yetzirah.

#### No. 2

With G.C.J. Basingstoke.

Circle.

Up.

Throne--figure in front of it; female? no, male. Right hand uplifted, grasping lightnings. Behind, faces angelic against a snow sky.

Change. Left arm thrown up. Figure of Bellona.

Some brilliance throughout.<<All visions subsequent to this (unless otherwise stated) begin by prayer to appropriate Sephiroth &c and end with thanksgiving or Pentagram rituals &c. Many of them coincide with the ordinary orison.

>>

### **No. 3**

Alone. 35 minutes. Basingstoke.

Circle by censer.

Long journey--passed one pageant.

Throne &c as before.

Figure as before but hermaphrodite.

Dark crowd below, indistinct foreground.

Many suns roll underneath, interstices sapphire

An infinite number of Chariots. Right and left spearmen: these blow trumpets.

Intense brilliancy and clang--a noise of many waters.

Trumpets--singing of angels behind throne--wild music.

I kneel, close eyes, return.

Attacked by astrals on way back--formless shapes, grinning, hideous, malignant foes.

The circle wavers--I descend steadily.<<"Note." The ceremony.

1. Ordinary prayer.
2. ADNI to grant vision.
3. do. and Angels by 4th Tetragrammaton consecration of circle.
4. Entry into circle ALHIM invoked. Prayer for understanding.
5. Vision.
6. Thanksgiving.

Fair separation from Nephesch.>>

#### **No. 4**

With J.L.B. 40 minutes. Hotel Cecil.

Circle by sword.

Up through small, then large circle.

B. brings in shaggy man (shepherd).

Over sand and tufts of grass.

Defile--man with sword--lion.<<As if great eyes behind lion P.>>

B. explains errard [sic]--after hesitation we turn to the left with Guide.

Through rock door--dark passage (as if galleries in

rock--windowed--an abyss).

Out to middle of a cliff face.

We fly--I sink--B. and Shepherd hold me--we proceed.

Island--Persians worshipping--temple [...]-wide white  
steps--up these.

Enter temple.

Feminine Hermes on cubic stone of white light--intense auto-brilliance of this. It is in a slight depression. We advance. B. and I go near stone. Bathe in light and heat. We are very tall. I am in white. B. in red with sceptre crown-ended.

She gives B. caduceus, B. to me, I hold it above my head in right hand and return it.

We return to P[...] and Shepherd--go out--the people regard us with envy and reverence.

To a lake side. On to water. I take B.'s hand and we sail through to sky above Cecil.

We return.

## **No. 5**

Monday, Nov. 14th.

Hotel Cecil. About 20 minutes.

Up as with J.L.B. Circle well defined--fog--clear sky.

Shepherd in circle above comes quickly.

Cannot understand haste. Ask. ``There is haste."

Defile. Very Black. Luminous blue man with sword.

I ask his guidance. Immediate acquiescence.

Turn left through rock door. I notice I have my white<<Qy.>> robes on.

Out on to cliff-face as before.

Through air.

I fall--recover by aid of shepherd or alone.<<Myrtle?>>

I am winged.

A silver-moss rugged hill.

a circular bright temple, domed, sign of crescent.

I hesitate for this reason to enter.

The guide makes me understand.<<Quite easy--previous prayer?>>

Brilliant woman ([...]) in centre. I go to her and kneel.

Olive-branch<<?>> given me--fold it to my heart.

Woman goes up--pillar of thick smoke pushes from below.

Pillar loosens. I return to guide. We go forward into pillar and end up through dome.

Blue sea--silver ship enter, repose, arrive island.

Great square silver temple colonnaded.

Outside altar. Branch sacrificed.

I sacrifice myself.

I rise "alone" to the flat top of the temple.

Sunrise (E.). Intense thrills henceforth.

I kneel.

I perceive other suns N. W. & S.

I am standing on a 5th sun. I am brilliantly golden. Wings &c and very tall and large--say 30ft high, perhaps more. My sun rises above the other suns.

I stand before an old man, white beard, intense benevolence. I desire to touch the beard.

This is permitted. The lips of the old man are pressed on my forehead.

I would linger, but am dismissed, the other four suns having risen to an equal height.

I fly.

I sink through sheets of silver.

Fog.

I return.

**No. 6.**

Undertaken at the request of G.C.J. Picture given me to contemplate.

I call Anonke.

Astral shape taken.

I journey over Spain to Morocco. Turn S.E.

Assume red robes and bloody sword.

Cannot see any guide.

A domed temple.

Tall--face Anonke.

Attended by pigs.[not/6]

These are tall men in brazen armour with spears, as appears after on my invocation of [...].

Anonke greenish or reddish.

Sensual, cruel. Makes love to me.

With difficulty I refrain.

This continues some time.

I ask the questions. She looks to W.

Fire and earth.

I distrust her and call on [...] threatening with sword.

I perceive men writhing within her stomach and bowels.

She advances over me with legs outspread.

(She is vastly bigger than I.)

I call on [...]. Her brazen men appear. I strike.

She sinks back to her throne slain.

I receive the allegiance of the men, call them in 24 hours from then.

I bid them remove her.

I call down fire to consume her.

I attempt to take her throne but am warned not to.

I return N.E. Cannot enter Egypt, but turn N.W. I enter circle. Have had suspicions, and now turn to see my guide--a [...]. (He cannot enter.) Great eyes--sun-fish face, body indistinct. I threaten him and he disappears. I pray for a time and an angel enters circle. We ascend.

White platform. Anonke as in picture.

In answer to questions:

``I look to the East."

``I am of all elements. I ripen in the earth. I dream in the water; in the fire I burn and in the air I smoke."

Quick return to physical.

Klipper on the watch (N. side of room).

I resume red togs and wand and politely indicate my views. I curse him. Hod and Adonai have most effect. He sinks and I return to body to write these notes.

Klipper comes back. I resume red things. Find a [...] on E. wall of room; take it down and hold it above my head facing him. He sinks. I continue but the impression is very persistent.

Again with a prayer in the physical I assume the red astral and strike him with the wand uttering a certain name. Lightnings disintegrate him. I return. There appears horizontal mists of his burning. However, I put out light and turn over.

## **No. 7**

For strength in aiding my cousin in his straits.

Prayer.



Circle--disturbance when starting, after a little I ascend again.

Big circle<<No. 4 (?).>> passed.

Another big circle. I perceive an angel and kneel. He enters, raises me th a kiss, and learns my errand. Takes me i his right arm and flies obliquely upward. I seem reluctant. I am conscious of a marble floor and a fiery pillar rather like the ``Stone" in No. 4. Idea of people worshipping. This pillar is the right leg of an immense figure.

I rejoin the red figure and unite.

I grow great--the wand is of living fire.

The angel has gone--more fiery rain falls.

I depart. In the air I am surrounded by dark forms, whom I command to lead me to the circle.

I sink amid a flock of eagles.

I descend, pray, and rejoin body.

Body intensely strenghtened--feeling of power and glory. I give thanks.

## **No. 8**

"The last vision utilized."

At family prayers I assume I assume astral vestments as in 7 and living wand.

I perceive my cousin kneeling. Above and beyond him a demonic figure (somewhat the stage Mephistopheles) with a sarcastic smile. This demon is beyond my exorcism; only, when he puts forth his hand as if to claim [...] I strike it with my wand and it is consumed. Encouraged, I renew my attempts; but am compelled to return by close of prayer.

## **No. 9**

Desire further information. November 26th 1898. Being very tired, concentration of through imperfect.

White robe.

#### **No. 10**

Queen's Hall. Beethoven's "Symphony in C" ("No. 5") being played. During the "adante" I assume white astral. I fill the entire hall. I look up as to God. Impulses of praise and prayer possess me. I shrink "forcibly" and reenter body.

#### **No. 11**

Evocation. During this Opus the fire played curious tricks. It was outside the O. to the S.E.

I assume physical Abramelin robes, crown &c and take sword ART to E. I am Adonai Meleph. Though in myself I am much larger.

I evoke any spirit which may rule the relations between me and L. G.

On the third summons, amid considerable elemental disturbance a spirit appears rather like a hippopotamus and a monkey crossed, or like a sow; but a little like a serpent. Grinning devil. Inclined to change about.

I tell him to stow that and get fixed.

I ask his name.

I cannot understand and command him to use the English tongue.

``I am [...]<<?>>

Art thou of my own household?

``No."

Of L. G.'s?

``Yes."

Shall I see L. G. to-morrow?

``Yes."

Will evil come to me occultly from this?

``No."

(I am surprised`and repeat the question.)

``No."

(Witx a grin so triumphant that I resolve to act as follows) I extend the sword-hilt and invoke [...] and bid him swear. He cringes terribly, eventually obeying, with hand on sword and repeats my curse after me.

``No, no evil will result."

I dismiss him. He is rather reluctant but on my making a ART against him departs.

I give thanks &c.<<"Note." I did see L.G. by doubtful appointment. As to occult harm, I don't think any has come in the end.>>

**No. 12**

(25 minutes about.)

Sunday. December 11th.

(Evil persona inclined to [...] Geburah and Binah especially wanted.)

L.B.R. used, with additions.

Q X and exit.

Still in room. Person comes to me. Tests. Pentagram. He will keep off Elementals &c.

Red robes. He is a slim pale youth with a star on his forehead at first. He is always on my left side.

We move up sloping shingling greenish place.

River. Guide throws water over left shoulder. Lily-angels appear. We ascend amid the lilies.

Temple. Bright worshippers. Ascend. Enter after prayer. White robes. The cubical stone of Vision 4; but it is not in a depression. Its size small. A man like Shakespeare kneeling before it. He is absorbed upwards.<<Smoke?>> We kneel. I behold a face in the transparency of the stone. It is white, bearded, majestic, old.

I feel my Neschamah drawn into the stone.

I am within. Astrals still kneel without.

I am probably an imperfect sphere.

After conversations with a similar intelligence<<The face? though no longer seen as a face.>> I draw my astral within and rejoin. I reascend.

I am without the stone.

White robes.

I pray to reenter. [HEB:N.Sh.M.H.] does so. I am strengthened &c and return within the stone.

Astral prostrate in worship.

I see my guide weep. I ask him will he not enter? ``He is not purified." We arise. Stone enormous. Figure on it. I pray for something to be granted me as I would return. A paper dro into my left hand.

Guide takes it. We descend. Worshippers shout. I wait for guide but he is silent so I bless the people and descend the steps and move straight through over grass to a black stone roughly cubicle with an invisible circle around it.

Here I must do sacrifice. I take a large dove-grey semi-cut ART shape stone and lay it on the altar. I fancy a shape approaching from the left. I cry aloud. The sacrifice is consumed by fire. I sink confusedly. I am instantly in the room. I look around, pray, and resume the body with the Q X.

### **No. 13**

Imperfect?

I look down and see a long gold-purple column.

Will I go? After hesitation, yes.

I descend through this. It opens out after a long while to a red cavern. Fles roaring. Klipoth about. Some attempts to break through. Pollitt attempts but is quickly roud. ``Who are these?" They are the souls of those whom thou hast caused to sin."

I put up my sword ``Nay thou art as God, and must act for him."

Elepantaisis giant black and leprous, misshapen and hideous, is enraged and rushes repeatedly at the circle which quivers and half yields.

This is my evil persona. I am warned not to banish him. He reproaches me. I charge him not to torment me.

I am alarmed at his fury. The circle yields till he is quite close.

Pentagram. Sword hilt raised. A moment I am confused. Then [HEB:I.H.V.H.]. He sullenly ceases his rushes.

I look sorrowfully upon him and extend left hand for him to kiss, charging him to repent. But I am afraid to [...] do not extend the hand altogether and he only bends near it.

**No. 14**

Circle by L.B.R. All wrong "i.e." omitting ``Before [...]."

Up. Notice Light of West End and darkness of E. I am in a dirty street. Child sitting in doorway.  
Dirty house.

He shows me up old rotten wood stairs.

I enter a student's room.

Little old man. Furniture as shown.

Blinds down I think.

Ask my business.

I ask for formulae.

He shows me in a book this sigil ART.

Explains how to make it. It summons things of earth.

He uses it an innumerable rats &c come out on to floor.

We go upstairs. Attic [...] rafters.

Naked woman on her back at West end. I challenge Adept, who gives me 0=0 and 1=10 signs.  
He will not give me 2=9. I ask what? ``She is in a trance." ``She is dead." ``She has been dead  
long."

Flesh falls off her.

I ask explanation.

She recovers, rises, falls on her face heavily, then writhes to A. and embraces him to climb up  
him.

``Get to your styer."

I am rather sorry for her.

She is lust. Fresh-faced and lovely, but rotten. She would clog the power of a man.

I thank A.

He shows me a distant star through a hold in the [...]<<Roof?>> and tells me to go there.

I go.

I stream up like a comet. I have a flashing scimitar and long white robes.

I get there. through suns and things very hot and glowing. Very middling star.

Lake--man in boat--who art thou?

I explain. I enter. He rows. Blackness of darkness. ``Thou shalt soon see my master."

He glares. I am great and have a star on my forehead and stand in the boat.

We reach the shore. A cave.

In front of it a man-like figure. Verdigris brazen scales. Horned. Horrible. A club.<<?>> Greenish face rather than black.

I ask his name: ``Jokam."

His sign? About this period he challenges me about the Ritual. I repeat the omitted part. He is cowed.

His sigil is ART.

His name is spelt [HEB:I.K.MM.].

I leave him, bidding him sink.

At the end of the cave a man runs into my arms.

He is pursued by Jokam. Who comes up.

I interpose, telling him to make the Q X. He cannot.

``What God do you worship."

``Alas I had no God."

I allow Jokam to take him. they enter cavern and sink. Yells from man most painful.

An Albatross[not/16] rises from lake.

Star falls away.

Bird takes back to the garret.

I am duly grateful.

Adept takes my hand and tells me to go on. Great strength &c imparted. I ask about Abramelin.

``Go on."

``Shall I succeed?" ``No man can tell another that" with a smile.

``Is anything [...] to the [...]?" ``No."

I ask my leave.

I witness a fight--knife drawn.

Get back.

**No. 15**



"For Rest". (L.B.R.)

Actual temple seen greatly beautified.

Arise in long column of white film.

Pastures. Shining steel-grey-silver figure (no sword).

Welcome. To blue pool of water. I enter as half swimming half diving.

Water deliciously cool and refreshing.

Silvery palace. Beautiful creatures playing about.

I go up in "a cloud of water" as a lily and unfold. Am in a garden of lilies, still as a lily.

Become man-form with arms out (ART) thus [...] to ART. Silver grey garments. White marble temple. Prostration and enter. (Guide?) All white and fine within. Cubical altar of silver. I kneel before it. Cold and moisture. Delicious chill throughout. A cool stream arises. I bathe my hands in it.

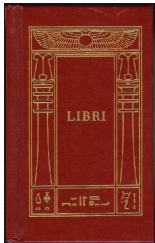


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Other books that may be interesting to you:

**Aleister Crowley : "Liber 018 The Fountain Of Hyacinth"**

Liber Tzaddi Beth Aleph vel Nike A diary of the use of cocaine and heroin and the relations of the Magician therewith. See Liber Al vel Legis Chapter Two verse Twenty Two.



**Aleister Crowley : "His Secret Sin"**

His Secret Sin was first published in The Equinox volume I no.8 in 1912 and has a pervert absconding a photograph of the Venus de Milo.



**Aleister Crowley : "Psychology Of Hashish"**

The Herb Dangerous Part II The Psychology of Hashish by Oliver Haddo Aleister Crowley. The girders of the soul which give her breathing are easy to be unloosed. Nature teaches us and the oracles also affirm that even the evil germs of matter may alike become useful and good.



**Aleister Crowley : "Letters Between Aleister Crowley And Frieda Harris"**

Correspondence between Aleister Crowley and Frieda Harris mostly regarding Thoth Tarot designs Original key entry by Fr. H.B. in New York 1/26/90 e.v. ASCII conversion by Bill Heidrick T.G. of O.T.O. Copyright c O.T.O.

